

# Newport Mercury

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**The Mercury.**  
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reasoning so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

**Societies Occupying Mercury Hall**  
ROCKS WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. McKie, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 5—President, Miss Margaret McKie; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS OAKS, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commanders, Frederick J. Buehler, Adjutant, Gus Segure.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. White, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain P. A. O. Stuart; J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Friday.

CLAN MOLTON, No. 183—Hugh S. McKie, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 233, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a rather long one, there being several matters to come before the board that could not be disposed of in a minute. Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and routine business was transacted.

Bids were open for supplying dust-laying oil to the city, the specifications calling for several different forms of proposals, which brought about considerable confusion. As it was, a decision was not reached at the meeting, although the members of the board and the street commissioner spent some time looking over the different propositions.

The specifications called for proposals for prices per mile for furnishing materials and applying road oil in such manner as would be satisfactory to the street commissioner from May 1 to December 1, the preference being for the oil to be applied under pressure.

Another proposition was to furnish oil in tank cars, and to build a storage tank, to remain the property of the contractor, without expense to the city. Bids were received from the Daniels Road Oiling Company of East Providence, the Texas Oil Company, the Standard Oil Company, and the DuPont Oil Company. Not all of them were in exact accordance with the specifications, alternate bids being presented in several instances. The matter was held under consideration at the request of the street commissioner.

On approval of Chief Kirwin, the Old Colony Street Railway Company was given permission to bury its wires on Narragansett avenue, Webster street, Ochre Point avenue, and East Bowery street. A petition of P. H. Welsh for relief from water flowing over his land off Champlin avenue was referred to Aldermen Mahoney and Shepley as a committee.

A letter from the National Humane Alliance acknowledging receipt of the Newport application for a fountain, but stated that it would probably be some months before the matter could be reached. A communication was received from Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., representing the Gibbs Land Company, stating that the company is ready to deed a strip of land to the city for sewage purposes and requesting that the sewer be extended to Gibbs avenue and Champlin street. The matter was put over until Monday night.

Mrs. Mary Fitch died at the Newport Hospital last Saturday morning, as the result of the severe burns received at her home on Holland street, the previous Wednesday.

There has been introduced in Congress a bill removing the semi-annual sessions of the United States District Court in this city. This will not affect Newport much, as the sessions have long been a mere formality, all the business of the court being transacted in Providence.

The annual business meeting and election of officers of the Newport Artillery Company will be held on April 26th, and it is not expected that there will be any material change in the present board of officers. Colonel Frank P. King will probably be again in command.

Mr. Herbert Warren Lull, superintendent of schools, conducted the service at the Channing Memorial Church last Sunday morning, delivering an interesting and instructive address. Rev. Mr. Jones, the minister of the church, was confined at home by illness.

Mr. E. W. Higbee, Jr., has returned from Dartmouth to spend the Easter vacation with his parents in this city.

There was a good gathering at the Channing Parlor on Tuesday evening, when the annual meeting and social of the Unity Club was held. President William H. Huntington presided and the various annual reports were read and received. It was voted to give \$50 to the trustees of the church for the use of the parlor during the past season, and \$45 for enlargement of the stage. The report of Miss Gilpin, the secretary, showed a membership of 249, and the attendance at all the meetings during the year was 1,820. After the business meeting refreshments were served and dancing followed. The present officers were re-elected as follows:

President—William H. Huntington. First Vice President—Miss Ethel K. Bimes-Nowell. Second Vice President—William MacLeod. Secretary—Miss Grace B. Gilpin. Treasurer—Victor Baxter. Librarian—Walter A. Wright.

Most of the Thames street stores that have been changing quarters or making improvements are now located in their new stores. The Hall & Lyon Store had a formal opening of their new quarters last Saturday afternoon with a big crowd of visitors. The improved Downing store was also opened last Saturday, although the work there is not yet completed. The Newport Dry Goods Company has not yet moved into its new quarters in the rebuilt Bryer building, but work is being rushed as rapidly as possible. To the Newporters who have been out of town for the last six months Thames street presents a very decided change in appearance, very much for the better.

Radical changes will be made soon to the east side of the reservation at Fort Adams. Specifications have been prepared and bids called for a sea wall from the north dock for about 1000 feet to the south and the removal of the face of the shore by high banks of earth and sod that were placed there for protection. This will add much to the available room for buildings on the reservation and will also improve the appearance of that side of the fort.

At the regular meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, with Mrs. Frank W. Merrill on Tuesday evening, Thomas Westworth Higginson's essay, "Old Newport Days," was read by Mrs. William B. Howard.

Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Littlefield was found dead at her home in Block Island Wednesday morning. She was found lying at the foot of a flight of stairs fully dressed. Coroner Lincoln was sent from Providence to hold an investigation.

The contents of the Newport stables of Mr. William Wattle Sherman have been shipped to New York for sale, as Mr. Sherman will use the automobile entirely hereafter. The horses were disposed of some time ago.

It is hoped that the weather for Easter Sunday will be a little more seasonable than that that was heeded to us on Palm Sunday.

The Jewish residents of Newport, as well as all over the world, are celebrating the Passover. The celebration lasts for eight days.

The National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be held in Washington next week. The delegates from this section departed Friday night, Mrs. J. Alton Barker and Miss Edith May Tilley representing William Ellery Chapter, and Miss Phoebe A. Coggeshall representing William Barton Chapter.

Mr. John Gilpin, the dean of the newspaper fraternity, is confined to his home on John street by an attack of bronchitis.

Postmaster A. C. Landers is confined to his home by illness.

The inspector of buildings and the police have brought a prosecution against one property owner who has refused to comply with the law regarding fire escapes on buildings. It is claimed that the formal notice was sent to the owner by the building inspector, and that no action was taken within the sixty days allowed. Prosecution was begun and the case has been continued for trial in the District Court. The owner is a woman and the property is on lower Thames street.

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# The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By  
FRANCIS LYND

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wouldn't tell you," he said bluntly. "It's a rotate rate east and west from all of our unvivalds, and it was given us two years ago, a four days before election."

"And the consideration?" she asked, looking up quickly.

"You know that, too, Mrs. Blount. It was the swinging of the solid em-ployees' vote of the Twin Buttes Lum-ber company over to the railroad ticket."

"And you wish to make the same ar-rangement again?" she asked.

"Exactly. We've got to have that preferential rate or go out of busi-ness."

"With whom did you make the con-tract two years ago?"

"With Mr. McVickar, verbally. Of course there was nothing put down in black or white, but the railroad folks did their part, and we did ours."

"A gentlemen's agreement," she murmured. "You have tried Mr. McVickar again?"

"Yes. He referred me to Gantry."

"And what did Mr. Gantry say?"

"I couldn't get him to say anything with any sense in it. The most I could get out of him was that I would have to see the boss."

"And instead of doing that you went to see the senator?" she asked.

"Who else would Gantry mean by 'the boss'?" demanded the befogged one.

"Possibly he meant the senator's son," she ventured, tapping a very pretty cheek with the folded fan.

"Have you been leaving Evan Blount out in all of this?"

"I didn't know where to put him in. That's what brings me here tonight. The senator or Mr. McVickar or both of them together have set the whole state to running around in circles with this appointment of young Blount. Some say it's a deal between the senator and McVickar, and some say it's a fight. Half of the professional spell-binders are walking in their sleep over it right now. I thought maybe you could tell me, Mrs. Blount."

"I can't tell you anything that would help the people who are walking in their sleep," she returned, "but I might offer a suggestion in your personal affair. Mr. Blount is your man."

Hathaway pursed his thin lips and frowned. "How big a block of Twin Buttes stock shall I offer him?"

Her laugh was a silvery peal of de-lection. "You always figure in dollars and cents, don't you, Mr. Simon Peter Hathaway?" she mocked.

"I have always found it the cheapest in the end."

"Listen," she said, with the folded fan held up like a monetary finger. "Mr. Gantry may be back any minute, and I can give you only the thickest hint. You must go to Mr. Evan Blount and appeal to him frankly as one business man to another."

"But I have heard—they say he's all kinds of a crank."

"Never mind what you have heard. Tell him all the facts and ask him to help you, and for mercy's sake, don't offer him a block of your stock. Put it where it will do the most good. Put it in the name of Professor William J. Anners of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and show Mr. Blount how dreadfully

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"I have always found it the cheapest in the end."

If that's what you want, just so we win the odd trick. When and where can I find Mr. Evan Blount?"

"The day after tomorrow at his office in Temple court. He is out of the city now, but."

Here Gantry's coming put an end to the private conference, and the president of the Twin Buttes company went his way.

It was not until they had served out their full sentence at Mrs. Weatherford's crush and were back in the private dining room suit at the Inter-Mountain, with Miss Anners safely behind the closed door of her own apartment, that the small conspirator passed the word of good hope on to her husband.

"It is working beautifully," she ex-ulted. "He will go to see Evan day after tomorrow—and after that the deluge."

## CHAPTER XI. THE GAME.

IF Evan Blount had been anticipat-ing an unfriendly reception at the great mining camp in the Carna-dine hills he was agreeably dis-appointed. A committee of prominent citizens, headed by Jasper Steuchfield, the reform chairman for Carnadine county, met him at the train, escorted him to the hotel and during the after-noon, which was at his disposal, gave him joyously and hilariously the free-dom of the camp.

The political meeting, which was held in the Carnadine Mining com-pany's electric lighted ore shed, was packed with an enthusiastic audience, and there were prolonged cheers and handclappings when the railroad rep-resentative took his seat on the im-provised platform as the guest of the committee.

Later, when Judge Crowley, the re-form candidate for the state senate, had opened the joint debate with a sharp arraignment of the railroad's methods, not only to its dealings with its patrons as a common carrier, but also in the pertinacity with which it invaded the political field, there was tumultuous applause. But it was no heartier than that which greeted Blount when he rose to present the railroad's side of the argument.

During the journey from the capital, which had consumed the night and the greater portion of the forenoon, he had prepared his speech. His argu-ment—the one unanswerable argument, as it seemed to him—was the existence of a law which presumed to limit the earnings of a private or at most a quasi public corporation, without mak-ing a corresponding regulation limit-ing the cost of such a corporation's service. Upon this foundation he was able to build a very fair structure of oratory.

The judge, his opponent, was a rather turgid man, whose speech abounded in flights of speed eagle eloquence and whose appeal was to the emotions and the impulses of his audience.

Blount, on the other hand, made a typical lawyer's speech, calmly deliv-ered, logical, in every syllogism and appealing frankly to the intelligence of his hearers. In every period of it he was greeted with generous ap-plause, and at the close of the meet-ing he had what the editor of the local paper called in his issue of the follow-ing day "an ovation."

Steuchfield and his fellow commit-tee men escorted him to the midnight train, and no one in the crowd of con-gratulators was more enthusiastic than the opposition chairman.

"That was a great speech, Mr. Blount," he said at parting. "If you can go all over the state making as good talks as you have made here to-night you'll be us all up in a hard knot. But McVickar won't let you do it, not by a long shot."

Blount laughed. "There are no strings tied to me, Mr. Steuchfield," he declared. "This is a new deal, and I am the dealer. Come down to the capital and let me convince you that we are out for open publicity and a square deal for every man, including the railroad man."

"All right," was the cordial reply. "I'll be down along some of these days, and if you can show me that McVickar isn't going into politics any further than you have gone here to-night I'll promise you to come back here and tell the boys that the jig is up."

Five minutes later the branch train pulled out, and the chairman and his fellow committeemen gave the depart-ing joint debater three cheers and an-other. When the red tail lights of the train had disappeared around the first curve Steuchfield turned to his fellow conspirators.

"Well, boys," he said, with a grin that went from ear to ear, "I guess we did it up all right and according to orders. I don't know what sort of game the lion, Dave Sagebrush is playing this time, but whatever he says goes, and I reckon we gave the young man a right pleasant time. Anyway, he seemed to think so."

Blount did not reach his office in the capital until the afternoon of the second day. His first care was to call up the Inter-Mountain, and when the clerk disappointed him by telling him that his father, Mrs. Blount and their guest had gone out to Wartrace Hall he counted it as one more opportunity missed and settled down to business.

First in the memoranda on his desk was a stenographer's note asking him to make an appointment with one S. P. Hathaway, whose address was the Inter-Mountain hotel. Since the note was marked "important" he told the clerk to call up the hotel at once, and in due time the gentleman, who, the stenographer said, had called several times during the day, made his ap-pearance at the door of the private of-fice.

It was a mutual shock. Blount recog-nized instantly his companion of the Omaha-Aretas Pullman smoking com-partment and the man who had doubt-less sent the three highbinders after him on the night of mysteries and who had been the prime mover in the series of singular incidents ending in the midnight homecoming to Wartrace Hall.

On the other hand, the president say-

before him two supposed agent or re-forestry service.

"Well, I'll be haunted!" he ejaculat-ed, dropping into the nearest chair.

"You needn't be," laughed Blount easily. "I'll admit that it was partly my fault, Mr. Hathaway. What can I do for you today?"

By this time the lumber king had re-covered his breath and some measure of his composure.

"Grant Scott!" he said. "If you had given me half a hint that you were Dave Blount's son, but you didn't, you know, and now I'm handcuffed just at the time when I oughtn't to be. I have come to talk business with you today, Mr. Blount, and you've got me going when I ought to be coming. I've been given to understand that you are handling the political end for the railroad company in this campaign, Mr. Blount. Is that right?"

"It is and it isn't," was the quick reply. "The railroad company is not in politics in this campaign—as a po-litical factor, I mean. What we are trying to do—what we mean to do—is to lay the entire matter plainly and fairly before the people with a plea for a square deal."

"I'm, yes," said the trust president, who was evidently suffering from a fresh attack of embarrassment. "But there are certain little business mat-ters which have to enter into every campaign, and your company, like my own, is obliged to take cognizance of them. Two years ago the railroad people found it advisable and profit-able to—er—make a little arrangement with us which was to our mutual ad-vantage, and I called to see if it could not be made again."

Blount sat back in his chair, and the conciliatory smile disappeared. "State the facts, if you please, Mr. Hatha-way," he said curtly.

"Well, it was like this. As you know, we have a great many sawmills scattered around in different places in the state, and we employ a good many men. While our employees are resi-dents of the state, they are not citi-zens in the sense that they take any active interest in state politics. They may be here this year and up among the Oregon redwoods next year and somewhere else the year following. That being the case, when they vote at all they naturally ask us how we would like to have them vote."

"Go on," said Blount.

"Well, as I say, such being the case, we are able to control at least four and probably five of the legislative districts in this state. The control is worth something to your people, and in the last election that fact was recog-nized. Since the Twin Buttes Lum-ber company is practically the only heavy lumber shipper in this region, it was given a preferential rate on its products, not at all as a quid pro quo, you understand, but merely in friend-ly recognition of our help in the last election."

"Really, it was not such a great thing that was done for us, Mr. Blount. If you are familiar with lum-ber rates in this territory you will know that the special tariff made for us is all that enables us to live. With-out it we would go into bankruptcy inside of a year."

Blount had opened his penknife and was absently sharpening a pencil. "This special rate you speak of, Mr. Hathaway," he said, speaking slowly—"I imagine it is not confined to this state."

"Well—er—no," was the hesitating reply. "To meet competition it has been made to apply also on through shipments."

"And it is covered by rebates, I sup-pose?"

"Not exactly," was the reluctant admission. "The Transcontinental company is a heavy purchaser of lum-ber, and the greater part of the differ-ence between the preferential and the regular tariff rate is taken up in our bills for stock sold to the railroad."

"Let me be quite clear upon that point, Mr. Hathaway. You mean that you are allowed to charge the railroad company more than the market price on the lumber it buys?"

The president of the lumber trust nodded. "Yes; that's practically the way of it," he admitted. Then he once more pressed the time worn argu-ment: "It's the only way we can live and do business nowadays, Mr. Blount. Like every other large cor-poration, we have a small army of little shareholders—widows, orphans, charitable institutions and trustees' accounts. I have brought a list of our stockholders, and I'd like to have you look it over."

Blount took the paper mechanically and quite as mechanically ran his eye down the list of names. At the bot-tom of it, written in with a pen, was the name of Patricia's father, with his residence and occupation filled out in full.

While Evan was staring at the pen-written name Hathaway went on elo-quently emphasizing the disastrous re-sults that would fall upon the people for whom he was in the largest sense the trustee, the disaster hanging upon the withdrawal of the preferential rate.

Blount broke him in the midst of the special pleadings. "I see you have recently added one new name to this list, that of Professor Anners."

"Yes," interrupted the Twin Buttes president, "and he is a good example of our stockholders. Those like An-ners—college professors, preachers and the like—buy stocks when they buy 'em at all for an investment and pay for 'em out of their hard earned sav-ings."

"I know," said Blount, frowning. The fact that Patricia's father was in-volved added a fresh and exasperating complication, but he must come to some decision. "Let us get down to the present fact," he went on brusque-ly. "What is it that you want me to do, Mr. Hathaway?"

"I want you to set the machinery in motion so that we can have our rate continued for another two years on the same terms as before. You are going to need every vote you can get this year, Mr. Blount, and you can't afford to turn us down."

Blount returned the printed list of stockholders and fell back upon the pencil sharpening. "Is it possible that

you don't recognize the bald criminal-ity of such a transaction, Mr. Hatha-way?" he asked quickly.

"Of course I don't," was the ready reply. "It is the universal rule of the business world everywhere. You do something for me and I do something for you. You make it possible for us to live and do business in lumber, and we will do what we can to make it possible for you to get your square deal from the people of this state. That's the whole thing in a nutshell, Mr. Blount."

"One question," snapped Blount, trying to fix the roving gaze of the hawklike eyes. "With whom did you make this arrangement two years ago?"

"With Mr. McVickar himself."

"And you think you can do it again?"

"I know I can, but I don't want to go over your head. They all tell me that you are handling this end of it for the railroad company, and I'm not going around hunting a chance to make enemies. There's no hurry. Take your own time to think it over and to communicate with Mr. McVickar if you want to. When you get things fixed you can wire me just one word to Aretas. Just say 'Yes' and sign your name to it, and that will be enough."

For a full half hour after the presi-dent of the lumber trust had closed the door of the private office in the Temple court building behind him Blount sat rocking gently in his pivot chair, fighting once more with the soul nausea which was threatening to overwhelm him.

So Vice President McVickar had de-ceived him after all, and he was mere-ly a fence put up to screen the chican-ery and trickery which were going on just the same as before. More, the vice president had let him stultify himself in a thousand ways. All his brave talk about openness and fair dealing would be set down as mere dust throwing to conceal the workings of a corrupt and criminal machine, grinding away in the background.

And his father—how did he figure in this despicable business? Had he plotted with McVickar to bring his own son to shame merely because that son had refused to be a tool in the hands of the great machine? It was grossly incredible, and yet— Evan Blount remembered that thus far his father had said no word opposing the course he had taken. Could it be pos-sible that a father could become so much the boss as to forget the com-mon ties of kindred?

Blount's mind—more than his mind, his heart—went groping out in vain reachings for a confidant and an adviser. There was no one to whom he could turn, no one whose conscience was not seared and distorted in the fires of political partisanship. No one, did he say? Yes; there was one. Patricia would know and understand. He must find her and tell her. But in the interval—

He got up and shut his desk with a slam. The stenographer heard and came to the door of the anteroom, notebook and pencil in hand. "Any-thing to give me before you go away, Mr. Blount?" he asked.

"Not," said Blount almost savagely. Then he reconsidered. "Yes, there is. You may take a message to Mr. McVickar. Are you ready?"

The stenographer nodded. "All right; take this."

"Pandering another interview with you, I shall close my office in Temple court and confine myself strictly to the routine legal business of the company. In the mean-time my resignation is in your hands if you wish to appoint a new division coun-sel."

"Write that out and send it at once," he said to the clerk. "I shall be at the hotel if you want to reach me between now and closing time."

## CHAPTER XII.

A WELLSPRING IN THE DESERT.

IN the telephone station at the ho-tel Blount tried several times, and always ineffectually, to get a long distance connection with Wartrace Hall. Failing in this, he called up Gantry to ask if the traffic manager knew anything about the pur-poses and movements of his father. Gantry did not know, but he knew something else—a thing which proved the lackness of the telegraph depart-ment.

"Come down here and tell me what you mean by sending incendiary tele-grams to the vice president," he com-manded, with fisting severity, over the phone.

Gantry was busy with the stenog-rapher when Evan entered, but the traf-fic manager immediately postponed the business of the moment and dis-missed the clerk.

"There is nothing to tell—more than you seem already to know," said Blount morosely in answer to Gantry's quest. "I have wired my resignation; that is all."

"But why?" persisted Gantry. "Because I am not going to be an accessory either before or after the fact—not if I know it," was the prompt rejoinder.

"An accessory to what?"

"To a criminal disregard for the laws of this state and of the nation. Gantry, if you and some others had your just deserts you would be break-ing stone in the penitentiary this bless-ed morning."

"Suffering Jehu," laughed the traf-fic manager, "somebody must have been hitting you pretty hard! Who was it, Evan?"

At another time Blount might have been less angry and more discreet. "It was Mr. Simon P. Hathaway, president of the Twin Buttes Lumber company," he said.

Gantry drew a long breath, which ended in a low whistle. "So that's what you were let in for, was it?" he exclaimed. And then he checked himself abruptly and went back to the principal contention: "But you're not going to quit, Evan. You can't afford to do that."

"Why can't I?"

"Because you have committed your-self right and left? No man can walk

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or continuous constipation.

When your food rests so solidly on your stomach that nature refuses to remove it, and usually resort to some common physic which, while affording you some relief, acts so suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

THE BOWELS, like a balky horse, to work properly must be coaxed, and gradually urged to perform their functions.

The soothing action of that great Kidney and Liver medicine, DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, is gentle and delicate, yet its relief is immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every individual to use a proper remedy for CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS. The thousands of grateful testimonials, from both sexes, who have been completely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, is the best evidence of the POWER AND MERIT of this wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Bins and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cures all cases, skin and venereal diseases. 60c.

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## FOR NEW YORK—

## ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long Wharf, Newport, every day at 9.15 P. M. Steamers COMMONWEALTH and PROVIDENCE, Orchestra on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

## WICKFORD LINE—

## WATER AND RAIL ROUTE

Steamer GENERAL From Long Wharf.

Week days only A.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. Newport (Str.) 9.50 1.35 4.05 7.00

Wickford Jun. 11.15 2.15 5.15 8.22

Wickford Jun. 11.40 2.35 7.01 9.00

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New Haven, ar. 1.50 4.50 9.10 11.55

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## Old Colony Street Railway Co.

## Newport &amp; Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.30 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.30 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 8.30 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

## NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 15, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 8.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.22 and 8.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach 6.30 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner 6.45 a. m. and 11.15, 11.30 and 11.45 p. m. Sundays 11.15, 11.30 and 11.45 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.15 a. m. and 10.45, 11.00 and 11.15 p. m. Sundays 10.45, 11.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.22 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.15 a. m. and 10.45, 11.00 and 11.15 p. m. Sundays 10.45, 11.00 and 11.15 p. m.

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## THE HONORABLE SENATOR SAGEBRUSH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

out of the ranks on the eve of a battle. You don't stop to consider the construction that will be put upon such hasty action on your part."

"I don't stop to consider anything, Dick, except the fact that I was evidently expected to convulse at a criminal contempt for the law of the land, the law which, as a member of the bar, I have sworn to uphold. That was enough for me."

"But it won't be enough for Mr. McKellar," Gantry interposed. "If you can afford to drop out he can't afford to let you." Then, with sudden gravity, "Hadden's boy better let me hold up that telegram of yours for a few hours, Evan, until you've had time to think it over."

Blount sprang from his chair in a white heat.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are already holding it up?" he demanded.

"I took the liberty temporarily," said the traffic man coolly. "There is no harm done. Mr. McKellar is on his way west now, and he will be here in a day or two. Why not kill the message and have it out with him in person when he comes?"

But Blount was not to be appeased.

"I won't have my communications tampered with," he fumed. "If you have given an order to have that telegram held out you can give another to have it sent immediately."

"All right," said Gantry, "just as you say." And he made no effort to detain the enraged one when Blount turned his back and strode away. But after the self-discharged political manager was gone the traffic man chuckled quietly and turned up a faced down paper which had been lying on his desk during the short and belligerent interview.

"Humph!" he mused, reading the typewritten lines over again. "The little lady was too fit for you this time, Evan, my boy. She was just prophetic enough to guess where and how you would go off the handle. Great little woman that. I believe she figures out more than half of the fine moves in the honorable senator's game."

Evan Blount walked a half dozen blocks beyond the Inter-Municipal hotel before he had cooled down sufficiently to determine what to do next. As it chanced, the cooling down moment found him at the entrance of the

public garage patronized by his father. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he went in and asked if any of Senator Blount's cars were in the city. The garage manager replied that the big roadster was in, and Blount's decision was taken upon the spur of the moment.

A few minutes later he was behind the steering wheel of the fast machine, picking his way out of town.

Blount reached the entrance to the cottonwood shaded avenue at Wartrace just before the dinner hour, and he was so far recovered from the attack of righteous indignation that he was able to meet his father and the others with a fair degree of equanimity.

In the back part of his mind, however, he held the glowing ultimatum in suspense.

At the dinner table the professor held forth dictatorially upon matters pertaining solely to the pilocene age and never once suffered the table conversation to come within several millions of years of the twentieth century, and at the dispersal—only there was no dispersal—it was his father who led the way to the driving room and persuaded Patricia to go to the piano.

The young man with the fighting determination in the back part of his brain was willing enough to listen to Greg and Brahms as interpreted by Patricia, but the greater matter was still outwheeling the lesser. Later, when Miss Anners had played herself out, the talk went back to the dinosaurs and the pterodactyls, and when Evan Blount finally went away to smoke he did it alone.

The Wartrace den was an annex to the dining room, and through the looped back portieres he could hear the animated hum of the prehistoric conversation, in which Patricia had now joined, as a loyal daughter should.

Hoping against hope that the professor would some time go to bed and that his father would come to the den for his bedtime whiff at the long stemmed pipe, Blount smoked and waited. When his patience was finally rewarded it was not the honorable senator who drew the portieres aside and entered the cozy smoking room. It was Patricia, and she was alone.

"I thought perhaps I should find you here," she said calmly, taking the easy chair at the opposite corner of the hearth. "Did we bore you to extinction?"

"Not quite," he laughed. "But since I hadn't got myself born 6,000,000 years ago I can't somehow seem to galvanize a very active interest in the dead and buried periods."

"Nor I," she confessed frankly. "Thank for papa's sake I do try to. But for us who are living today there are so many problems of daily life

importance, problems that the pterodactyls never knew anything about."

"I know," said the young man, half absently. "I am up against one of them right now, and I don't know how to meet it."

"Will it bear telling?" she asked. And he hoped that the sympathy in her tone was personal rather than conventional.

"It will not only bear telling; it demands to be told to some one whose sense of right and wrong has not been drawn and quartered and flayed alive until it has no longer life or breath left with which to protest."

Thereupon he told her all that had happened to him since the evening he had left the sleeping car at Aretas, concluding almost shamefacedly with the story of the lumber magnate's attempt at corruption, of which he suppressed nothing but the fact that the professor's name appeared in Mr. Harthway's list of shareholders.

When he made an end her eyes were shining, either with quickened sympathy or indignation—he could not determine which.

"What did you do?" she asked, referring to the incident of the afternoon.

"I didn't do half enough," he fumed. "I am afraid I let Harthway get away without my telling him plainly enough what a hopelessly irrefragable scoundrel he is. I made a mistake in not throwing him out bodily."

"You made your greatest mistake in the very beginning, Evan," she said decisively. "You should have made a confidant of your father."

"I did try to at first," he protested. "But the game is everything, and everybody plays it—my father, his wife, the railroad officials and the politicians. Surely you wouldn't say that I should have let my father put me on the state ticket as a candidate?"

"Certainly not," was the quick reply. "not unless you were convinced of the purity of his motive. But if you have been telling me the truth and all the truth it would seem that you didn't stop to inquire what that motive might be."

"What was the use of inquiring?" He is the boss of the machine. He would have used the machine to put me into office as attorney general. In other words, I should have owed my election not to the will of the people, but the will of one man, and that man my nearest kinsman. Under such circumstances would it have been possible for me to administer the office without fear or favor?"

"I don't know why not," she returned. "Your nearest kinsman, as you call him, would have been the last man to interfere. Wasn't that the very reason he gave for wanting to put you on the ticket?"

"I know," said Blount, whose mind was beginning to cloud again. "But there are so many other mysteries. I am not sure at this blessed moment that my father hasn't conspired with Mr. McKellar to put me just where I am."

Her smile was gently reproachful. "It is my poor opinion, Evan, that you don't half appreciate your father," she said. "Worse than that, you don't know him. But that is beside the present mark, at all events. What are you going to do?"

"I have already done it. I have wired my resignation to Mr. McKellar, and he will doubtless accept it."

She was looking him fairly in the eyes. "That is the second unwise thing you have done. Evan, you are sadly in need of a balance wheel."

"I knew that a good while ago," he rejoined. "I applied for one, and I was refused when you said 'No.'"

She blushed very prettily. "I can help you now," she said, half hesitatingly. "If only you won't try to drag me over into the field of sentiment. It was just a bit of boyish rage—your sending that telegram to Mr. McKellar. Can't you recall it?"

"Not now; no."

"Then you must do the next best thing—tell him you have reconsidered."

"But I can't strike hands with the corruption that is going on all around me," he objected indignantly.

"Of course you can't, and you mustn't. But the true reformer is not made out of the man who drops things and runs away. You must stay in and fight—fight harder than you ever have before, Evan; if not for the sake of the larger right, then for your own sake. Can't you see the wide door that is open before you?"

"I can see and hear and feel when the door is slammed in my face," he qualified. "How can I go on preaching the gospel of cleanliness and fair dealing when I know that all this corruption and trickery are going on behind my back? What will the people of this state say to me and about me when the corruption is exposed?"

"Ah," she said, "that is just where you begin to grow one sided. You must go on preaching the gospel, but that is only half of your duty. The other half is to try to make the thing itself agree with the gospel. I fully and firmly believe that you lost your best helper when you refused to join hands with your father. But that is over and done, and now you must make the best of the opportunities you have chosen."

"Patricia, you are an inspiration. If I could only have you beside me to give me my battle word I shouldn't mind the odds against me."

"Now you are tempting me," she said slowly, "and it isn't fair. You know my weakness and passion to help. You mustn't tempt me, Evan."

What he would have said, with what passionate pleadings he would have pressed the advantage gained by his appeal for the larger help, she was not to know, for at that moment the portieres were drawn aside, and the small house mistress appeared in the doorway of the smoking den.

"You two!" she scolded, with light hearted austerity, and then to Evan: "Don't you know that we keep country hours here at Wartrace? The professor will be up and calling for the car at 6 o'clock, and it's past midnight. Shame on you! Run away and get your beauty sleep, both of you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Let Him Stay as He Was.

A well known veterinary surgeon of Lemberg, Austria, was recently called to the telephone, when this conversation followed:

"Hello! Is this Dr. N.?"

"Yes. What do you wish?"

"My horse is standing stock still on his hind legs, with his forefeet in the air, and nothing can make him come down on all fours. Did you ever hear of such a queer case? What shall I do about it?"

"The case is extraordinary," replied the astonished doctor. "I can give no opinion without seeing the animal. Where do you live?"

"Carl-Ludwig strasse."

"And your name?"

"Sobieski."

Here the doctor rang off and swore softly at the wag who had fooled him. The horse in question was the bronze animal which upholds upon its back the fine equestrian statue of John Sobieski, king of Poland, which ornaments the Carl-Ludwig street in Lemberg.

Making the Money Last.

Rosa Bonheur used to say that her youth was one of great poverty. Then she would add some droll stories about the family method of regulating its finance. The studio was a collection of odds and ends, and M. Bonheur knew how to turn that disorder to account. When he received money for his work he would take a handful of coins and throw it at random about the room. Then in times of stress, when there was apparently not a farthing left in the house, the entire family would set to work searching in nooks and corners. Sometimes they would find a five franc piece, and that would ward off starvation. To perfect herself in her study of animals young Rosa spent days in a slaughter house. The men were perplexed at seeing a young woman there and sometimes made it disagreeable for her, but good M. Emile, a butcher of great strength, announced that whosoever annoyed her would have to reckon with him. Then she was enabled to work undisturbed.

Flagging Petty Criminals.

Flagging, claimed by some to be a survival of barbarism in England, is given credit by others as being the most potent factor in ridding London of petty criminals and assuring public safety. Many criminals become so familiar with the prison routine as to lose all horror of it. In fact, life is so wretched for certain classes of underlings in London that they would commit petty crimes as a means of gaining entrance to a prison were it not for the wholesome fear of flagging. The cat-o-nine-tails used for the doggish has been deprived of its knots and is not laid on so strenuously as in the old days, while with young offenders the birch rod is brought into play. A physician is always on hand to stop the flagging should the culprit evince signs of fainting. Although the flagging punishment has thus been mitigated, it does not seem to have lost its effectiveness.—Popular Mechanics.

Might Spare a Few.

It is said that never was there a gentler critic than Dr. McKintock of Dickinson college. One day a young orator presented his speech for Dr. McKintock's approval. He evidently did not anticipate adverse criticism. He received it nevertheless, given in the doctor's gentle, humorous way, which never could offend.

"It's a good speech," he said, "but there is perhaps a little too much of a certain sort of rhetoric. For instance, I find in it two midnight owls, two midnight wolves, three American eagles and four unfurled banners. It seems to me that the supply exceeds the demand."

A Mighty Big Can.

An Irish harvester found himself in a small Scottish town. At the gas works he saw a gasometer for the first time in his life and stopped a countryman who was passing to ask: "What's that big round thing there standing on end?"

"The Scotchman scratched his head and replied, 'A dinna ken.'"

"Get out with you," said the Irish man. "You never saw a dinner can as big as that in your life."

Putting His Foot in It.

Guest hostess at private theatricals—Madam, you played your part splendidly. It fits you to perfection. Hostess—I'm afraid not. A young and pretty woman is needed for that part.

Nurse—Oh, but, madam, you have positively proved the contrary.—Boston Transcript.

Its Class.

"How do you like my new hat? Isn't it a darling? Only \$10!" exclaimed a delighted lady to her husband.

"Great Scott! You said the hats could be bought at from \$2.50 up."

"Yes, dear; this is one of the ups!"

Mild Exactions.

"Bliggins says he loves his work."

"I should think he would. He's one of the men whose work leaves them about half the day to play golf."

Washington Star.

"Noblesse Oblige."

In Mrs. Walford's story of Lord Mansfield in her book entitled "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist" the top note of propriety is reached.

The noble lord's young nephew, seeing him annoyed at a railway station at having no servant at hand to get his newspapers, ran posthaste and procured them. Lord Mansfield showed no gratitude whatever.

"Edward," was all he would say, "recollect, Edward, that a gentleman should never hurry himself in public."

Easy Money.

"I am working my way through college."

"Brave girl! How do you earn money?"

"Well, father gives me \$10 for every singing lesson I don't take."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Queer Law suit.

Perhaps the most remarkable suit ever brought in on the records of the court of the exchequer in England. It was filed on Oct. 3, 1723, and it set forth very clearly that John Everitt and Joseph Williams were highway robbers. In its succinct legal phrases the complaint says that the men formed a partnership for the purpose of carrying on business as highwaymen. It was mighty profitable, as was shown by the fact that Everitt sued Williams for the equivalent of \$5,000, "being for moneys wrongfully appropriated to defendant's private purse." This was the amount in dispute after the partnership had lasted only a year. Then Everitt claimed that he discovered that his partner had not made a fair division of the spoils. The action was adjudged to be a gross contempt of court, and the plaintiff was ordered to pay all costs, while the solicitors who served the writ were fined. One of the solicitors, a man named Wreathcock, refused to pay the fine and was sent to prison for six months. Both plaintiff and defendant to the action were subsequently hanged, one at Tyburn and the other at Maidstone.

Spoke Their Minds.

The original woman's rights woman of the modern era, according to a contributor to the Paris Figaro, was Olympia de Ganges, a Frenchwoman who was beheaded, but not before she had wittily pointed out the gulf, fixed by custom, between woman's inherent and her civic rights. In 1791, in a manifesto which had no precedent whatever and which contained an article which has kept suffragists going ever since, the intrepid Olympia de Ganges declared, "Woman has the right to mount the scaffold; she should also have the right to mount the tribune."

Another way of expressing the same idea is credited to Mme. Condorcet. It is said that Bonaparte when consul remarked to Mme. Condorcet:

"I don't like to

Established by Franklin in 1734.  
**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1040  
Saturday, April 15, 1911.

The logical candidate for the office of city physician is Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr. He has performed the duties of the office for several months and is thoroughly well qualified for the place.

The New York Giants have lost their baseball quarters at the very beginning of the season. The destruction wrought by the fire Friday morning is estimated at \$250,000. This is hard luck for the opening of the season.

A question of the day: Are insurgents happier in the minority than in the majority to which they were originally elected?

An insurgent is not happy anywhere unless he successfully upsets the established order of things.

The record of rapid travel from London to Paris has been broken, and of course the new record was established in a modern way—by use of the aeroplane. Aviator Prior made the flight on Wednesday without a single descent to earth.

The death of Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, removes a figure that has long been prominent in the public eye. He was always an advocate of the rights of the common people and had a strong following throughout the United States, but especially in Ohio. He was essentially a self-made man.

Oyster Bay gave a Democratic majority on Tuesday. Let it be remembered, however, that Mr. Roosevelt was absent in the far West. They had better come home and look out for things, but as the active ex-President is more than half Democrat himself his own town probably went to suit him.

The death of Denman Thompson on Friday brought real sorrow to thousands of theatre-goers in this country. In the wholesome but fascinating drama, "The Old Homestead," Denman Thompson had brought pleasure to thousands of hearty, and his cheerful personality had endeared him to many.

Senator O'Gorman of New York, it is said, will hold the deciding vote between the progressive and conservative Democrats in the Senate. But many doubt if he will again in the saddle of the Democratic party at a time when that party was once more venturing to hope that it is not dead. The old man of the Senate still on his back.

The baseball season is on, and all other sports can now retire into the background while the national game holds sway. Basketball and other amusements will do well enough to pass the long winter months between the winning of the pennant and the beginning of the contest for the next, but when the grass begins to show green around the edges, your true "fan" will have none of them.

Last Wednesday was the fiftieth anniversary of the first gun of the Civil War, when the Southern army under General Beauregard opened fire on Major Anderson's gallant band in Fort Sumter. It was the beginning of "one of the greatest wars the world has ever seen," in which both sides displayed a courage and resource almost unbelievable. To-day the country is more united than ever and the survivors of both sides of that conflict can discuss the stirring campaigns of the great war without bitterness and without hostility.

In spite of the talk about the "lazy Legislature" the fact remains that the committees have been for weeks doing an immense amount of work. The dull work of ascertaining what is for the best interests of the people of the State and the framing of suitable bills cannot necessarily be done in committee, and then the Legislature has little to do but to accept the recommendations of the committees. Of course, there are two exceptions to this rule—the minority may filibuster for political purposes, or the majority may differ from the decision that has been honestly reached by the members of the committee. Such occasions are rare, however.

In spite of the popular clamor through the West, Rhode Island's single Republican Congressman, Hon. George H. Utter, stood firmly by the best interests of the State when he cast his vote in opposition to the amendment to the United States Constitution providing for direct election of United States Senators. This is a measure to which Rhode Island should always stand opposed. It is the open boast of the advocates of this measure that after they secure its passage they will at once begin to work for an amendment providing for representation in the Senate on the basis of population. Does Rhode Island want such a measure as that? Aside from this important matter, personal to Rhode Island and the other small States, let us be considered the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in providing for two houses of Congress, the members of which shall be chosen in a different manner, so that one may well be a check upon the other.

General Assembly.

The State Legislature had only three days' session this week, adjournment being taken from Thursday until Tuesday on account of Good Friday. There has been much business done in the meantime, the House especially holding long sessions, but failing to make a great deal of headway on their calendar. There is now much accumulated business on the calendar, including the act providing for the abolishment of the property qualification for voters, which has been made a special order for Wednesday, and the Woman's suffrage measure. In addition to these, the two new tax laws have been reported by the Judiciary committee and have been made a special order for Tuesday. These are the acts creating a State tax commissioner and providing for a tax on corporations; and the act providing for the tax on personal property. These have been attended in committee very materially from their form as originally drawn, but they will probably not pass the House without strong opposition.

The Senate has disposed of a number of measures this week, and has its business in hand where it can be cleaned up speedily. The act regarding public drinking cups was sent back to the committee. A number of important public hearings have been held this week, including the bill for preventing the importation of tuberculous cattle, the amendment to the charter of the Southern New England Railway, and many other important measures. The amendment to the constitution providing for biennial elections has been reported in the Senate and is on the calendar.

Mexico's Importance to U. S.

The importance of the country to the south of us known as Mexico is made apparent when we consider that it has a coast line of 6000 miles, bordering on two great oceans. In the southern locality of Tehuantepec Mexico is but 140 miles wide, and a canal to include the large river Coatzacoalcas was planned nearly a century ago. Up to 1870 sixteen different routes had been proposed for an isthmian waterway. Among those who wrote on this subject were Jefferson, Pitt, Humboldt, Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, Plus Ninth, Everett, Marx, Webster and Clay. Numerous canal treaties and concessions were made by Mexico and Central American states to foreign governments, and were cleared away in comparatively recent years.

The eyes of Europe were on Mexico for 400 years. Its geographical and commercial importance has been thoroughly understood in the Old World. Mexico extends from the 80th to the 18th degree of north latitude, with a length of 2000 miles and extreme breadth of 1100. Its area is less than three times that of Texas, but its varying altitudes embrace all climates and productions of the tropics and temperate zone. In Mexico its riches have been known for centuries, and yet their main development is yet to come. Territorially Mexico is ten times the size of Great Britain and as large as France, Spain and Austria combined. Its tropical coast is backed by the highland districts and temperate table lands, while peaks of perpetual snow are not lacking. In these different elevations are streams fed by exhaustive moisture, and the fertility of the soil has never been seriously impaired. More than half of Mexico is in the temperate zone. Its physical geography has made the country one of the most marked on the globe. These facts were impressed upon Europe early in the sixteenth century. It is fortunate that nothing monarchial lingers there when so long an effort was made to transplant royalty to this rare region.

Mexico was a land no less appreciated in prehistoric times. Its early civilizations were the most advanced on the continent. The Aztecs and the Toltecs whom they overpowered both had a past of social life far in advance of savagery, and a store of knowledge reached at that time in few places on the earth. But Mexico has always been a land of troubled government. It is to-day in a state of serious political agitation, if not convulsion. But the country in geography relatively to the rest of the world is always to be considered, and must necessarily be to the United States one of the paramount continental issues. What a tranquil and intelligently governed Mexico could become is beyond the range of optimistic conjecture. One thing is certain. It is impossible for the United States to treat the future of Mexico with indifference, or to keep away from the border as a place of observation and intimate communication.

Many millions of United States money are employed in developing the mines of Mexico, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of her citizens are engaged in mining and cattle raising on Mexican territory.

The steamer Warwick is making the daily run to Providence while the City of Newport is undergoing her spring overhauling. When the steamer Block Island comes away from the shops she will take the place of the General on the Wickford line while that vessel has her annual overhauling.

Col. Roosevelt's home has gone Democratic during his absence in the far West, but the Colonel is a Cosmopolitan and his home coming will be none the less hospitable.

A town by the name of Hunsdell has elected a lady mayor. Well, considering its name, how could it help it?

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Opening of the Extra Session of Congress was quiet—W. J. Bryan and Governor Harmon are on deck—Lorimer case may come up again—Notes.

Washington, D. C., April 13, 1911. (From Our Regular Correspondent.) The extra session of Congress was opened with no remarkable or spectacular accompaniment. The introductory speech of the new Speaker, Charles Clark, was in the nature of a foreboding introduction to the session, but it was not remarkably below the foreboding efforts of some of his predecessors. From his language it was evident that Speaker Clark imagined himself the chosen of twenty-two millions of Americans, instead of the incidental dominance of a majority of the lower house of which he was by a freak of politics a nominal leader.

President Taft's message to Congress is very brief and to the point on reciprocity. It was for this reason called an extra session, and he is not exploiting other issues, however much he may be called on to consider them before the end of the extra session. That the Democrats of the new Congress consider the extra session a happy opportunity to make political hay is evident. Mr. Bryan is on hand and he is more conspicuous in the hotel lobbies and at the Capitol than any Democrat among them. Gov. Harmon of Ohio is also in Washington. Speaker Clark, the new presidential aspirant, is making himself heard on subjects relevant and irrelevant, and is fair to submerge himself in remarks and explanations.

It is probable that the Lorimer case will be again brought up in the Senate and much more thoroughly investigated than during the last session. Startling revelations have been brought out by a committee of the Illinois state senate. The editor of the Record Herald in Chicago has told of receiving intelligence that a hundred thousand dollar fund was used to elect Lorimer, and while he refused to reveal its informant, the informant has revealed himself with names and dates making very strong evidence.

It is rumored that some adventurous women are going to lounge against Dame Fashion, and it is said that Dame Fashion has been discovered to be a man—a manufacturer, and that it is in his interest to change fashions three or four times a year in order to make the beautiful things that women wear obsolete so that they will purchase more and more of the fabric. This is news that everybody knows. There is no doubt whatever but that the sex could array themselves as beautifully and attractively as they do on one-fourth the present expenditure if it were not for the interest of manufacturers, modistes and milliners in rapid fashion changes for the promotion of their business. The reason why men dress at only a fraction of the outlay of women is because they resist the natural changes which nature would like to impose and which they do to some extent effect. A man's dress suit, swallow tail or tuxedo, will last him from two to five years, and it is more or less the case with regard to the other clothes and hats. But the fashion journals and the weeklies and dailies, including the patent lawyers all over the country, have with fashion plates, and everybody, including the colored ladies, has to follow them, and there is where the money goes.

Leaning Upon a Broken Reed.

Most of the buildings that are called "fireproof" are merely slow burning, and those that are really proof against flames offer in ease of fire but scant hope of safety to the persons who work in great lofty surrounded by inflammable materials. Scientific constructors can build walls, partitions and floors that may be subjected to high temperatures with comparatively little damage, but these will not save the lives of men and women crowded and packed together in the rooms in which fire originates or to which it spreads.

The recognition of these facts by the public would make easier the task of protecting the persons of employees in those industries that are carried on in lofty buildings. It is highly unfortunate that confidence in "fireproof" buildings should have resulted in an almost complete ignoring of the dangers to which the workers within their walls are exposed.—New York Sun.

A Well-Marked Mark, Too.

There are people curious-minded enough to inquire why the old battleship Texas was renamed the San Marcos before being shot to pieces for target practice. San Marcos is an odd name to give to an American warship, under any circumstances. No reason for the performance occurs to one save this, that the Navy Department did not wish to incur the risk of shocking American sentiment by shooting to pieces an American warship that bore the honored name of Texas. San Marcos was the funeral name of the stout little fighter which Captain Philip commanded in the battle of Santiago. And, perhaps, there is a pun hidden in the name, for San Marcos in English would be St. Mark, and the old craft was certainly used as a mark.—Springfield Republican.

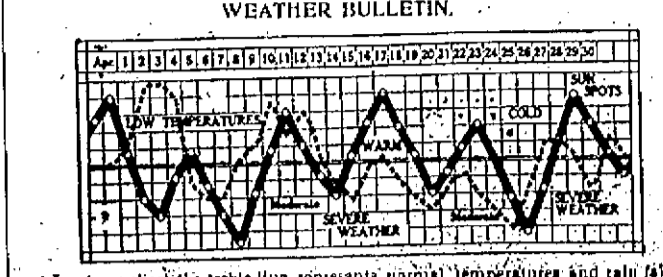
An attempt to secure payment on an alleged order for advertising at the Newport Engineering Works Wednesday afternoon resulted in failure. Mr. Earl P. Mason notified the Police Station and the stranger who presented the order left hurriedly.

Uncle Joe Cannon's reputation as a watchdog of the treasury was established many years ago. As a member of the Appropriations Committee he will make his work count at the coming session.

The way harem skirts are attracting improvised street criminals is a sure indication that they will soon be sufficiently numerous to divide the motes of men into their component units.

Harrison of Chicago—Harrison is there not a presidential reminiscence or suggestion in that name?

For tea  
you can't beat  
**LIPTON'S TEA**  
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

Copyrighted by W. W. F. Foster.  
Washington, D. C., April 13, 1911. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent. April 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 to 21. This disturbance is expected to bring severe storms, a wave of unusually high temperatures, to inaugurate a downward trend of temperatures with increasing rainfall in the far districts and increasing drought in the drought districts. See bulletin of March 25 for drought and rainfall districts and also see April monthly chart.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 23, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern sections 20. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 23, great central valleys 25, eastern sections 27.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average lower than usual. The cool wave will carry frosts further south than usual and will be near the first line in northeastern sections not far from April 23. Rain will increase in rain sections and drought increase in sections heretofore droughted. A great rise in temperatures and a decrease to rainfall generally will follow the cool wave of the above described disturbance.

Because of the high temperatures that will come in during last week of April the week centering on April 23 will be a good time to plant and sow in northern latitudes. Within 250 miles of a line drawn from Dodge City Kansas to Biddeford Maine advise farmers to plant and sow for a dry May. In the spring wheat sections the wheat should be drilled for a dry June. It is a good rule, that will win over more than it will lose, for farmers to hold an abundance of grain and other feed till they have some assurance of what the new crop will be. Don't forget that the crop and market prices are largely the product of interested parties and is often unreliable. Never has misrepresentation been so great as within the last six months.

A vast lot of planetary effects on our earth and on the sun I call attention to a period of ten days including April 27 to May 6. As I see it this ten-day period will be crowded with important events. It will include the greatest sunspot of the year, in earthquake countries may be expected the greatest earthquakes of the year while tornadoes and other severe and dangerous storms will occur in sections subject to such disturbances.

The sun will be eclipsed late in the afternoon of April 28. This alone would not cause any great convulsions of nature but the relations of Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and Uranus in relation to the earth, will be such that, in accordance with the laws of magnetism, they will cause unusually great disturbances in the sun and solar system.

Magnetic storms and earthquakes and tornadoes and sunspots may be expected throughout this ten-day period, particularly near April 28, 30 May 2, 4, 5. These great disturbances will be so general for me to undertake pointing out their localities. I warn all that danger signals are up for all of those ten days and while only a small part of earth will suffer it will be best for all to be on the alert, and remain in the safest places.

Next bulletin will give forecasts of May weather and will be of unusual interest. All my readers should preserve the monthly charts for reference.

"Do you think a diplomat should know the language of the country to which he is assigned?"  
"Certainly. He should have such perfect command of it that he can grasp the exact meaning as if he were familiar with it."—Washington Star.

The highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure.—Fielding.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., Mary J., widow of Sealey J. Fitch, aged 67 years.  
In this city, 11th inst., at her residence, 514 Madison street, Emily Gertrude, wife of David Thomas, aged 72 years, daughter of the late Thomas and Margaret Farrell.  
In Fairhaven, Mass., 11th inst., Sarah C. Chase, aged 66 years.  
In Warren, N. H., 11th inst., George E. Houghton, aged 70 years.  
In Providence, 8th inst., Bethiah Taylor, widow of Gardner Luther, aged 92 years and 4 months.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to:

A. O'D. TAYLOR,  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
132 Hallway Avenue, Newport, R. I.  
Mr. Taylor's agency was established in 1857. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villages and Country places.

The recently elected officers of Newport Lodge of Elks were installed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Sheehan of Providence on Thursday evening. A social session followed the installation, and there was a large attendance of members and guests.

A Freak.  
The elevator was waiting for passengers on the ground floor of the skyscraper when an excited woman flustered over to the man running it.  
"Does this car go up?" she inquired, breathless.  
"No, madam," said the elevator man unperturbed, "this is a cross-town car."  
—New York Times.

Traveler—Some expressions in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings.  
Little Miss—Same way in English.  
"You amaze me. Mention one."  
"Not at home."

Wigwag—I can always tell a married man when I meet one. Henpecked. Oh, I don't know! You might occasionally run across a bachelor with a grouse.  
—Philadelphia Record.

Weekly Almanac.  
APRIL 1911  
15 Sat 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
16 Sun 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
17 Mon 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
18 Tue 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
19 Wed 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
20 Thur 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
21 Fri 5 14 25 5 43 8 57  
New Moon, 21st day, 5h. 55m., evening.  
First Quarter, 28th day, 10h. 55m., morning.  
Full Moon, 1st day, 9h. 37m., morning.  
Last Quarter, 21st day, 12h. 55m., evening.

**WOMEN AND IN DESTRUCTION**  
Flame of Anger Sweeps French Grape Growing Region  
THE TORCH BEING APPLIED

Scores Wounded in Fetched Battles Between Rioters and Soldiers—Millions of Bottles of Champagne Destroyed and Wine Vats Burned—Troops Being Rushed into District Where Devastation Is Widespread

Paris, April 14.—The vine-clad valley of the Marne, in the departments of Aube and Marne, is a battlefield with a ravaging mob of men, women and children arrayed against the army of 20,000 French soldiers who are trying to put down the riots. Villages have been burned, vineyards destroyed and the mansions of champagne makers looted. The torch is being applied indiscriminately by the looters and the monetary loss is running high into the millions as a result of the popular wrath at the government's policy regarding the classification of wines.

The gutters of the town run red with mingled blood and wine. Scores have been wounded on both sides. In a pitched battle at Cumieres bombs were thrown at dragons by women and children, while the men fought from behind barricades over which the red flag of anarchy waved.

At the town of Ay 6,000,000 bottles of champagne have been destroyed and all wine vats burned. The governments of the departments are calling for more troops and all of the 40,000 soldiers in the environs of Paris may be rushed to the scene.

Forty thousand soldiers in the military garrisons about Paris have been under arms ready to proceed at a moment's notice into the valley of the Marne.

Three thousand additional soldiers were sent on special trains into the departments of Marne and Aube to help subdue the rioters. The towns in the heart of the champagne belt are scenes of devastation and the damage already amounts to nearly \$2,000,000, with the rioters applying the torch, looting property and hurling bottles.

Epernay has been made the distributing point of the soldiers. With the arrival of additional soldiers, the troops attempted to clear the streets, but were met with a volley of shots and missiles, and a number were injured.

A CURE FOR TYPHOID

Discovery Said to Have Been Made in a Philadelphia Hospital

Philadelphia, April 12.—Physicians at the Samaritan hospital claim they have discovered a cure for typhoid fever which consists of a vaccine taken from a typhoid fever patient.

They have been experimenting with the alleged cure for about two years and claim that one injection of the vaccine will break the fever and bring the crisis on in a very few days. They refuse to explain their discovery until after it has been examined by high medical authorities.

WEDS SIXTH HUSBAND

Woman of Twenty-Nine Buried Two and Divorced Three  
Lansport, Ind., April 12.—Although only 29 years old, Mrs. Lydia Rice-Crozier-Baker-Hayes-Smith has taken a sixth husband in the person of Edward Hones, a candy maker of Lafayette. This is his first venture in the matrimonial field.

Of the quintet of husbands to whom Hones is the successor two died and three departed by the divorce route. With a smile Mrs. Rice-Crozier-Baker-Hayes-Smith-Hones told the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony that she hoped she would never need to get another divorce.

LONG TERMS IN PRISON

Five Members of Black Hand Band Punished in New Jersey  
Newark, N. J., April 11.—Seven years at hard labor in state prison was the sentence given each of four leaders of a Black Hand band in the common pleas court.

A fifth, a wealthy Italian, was sentenced to a three years' term. The quintet were convicted of drugging and robbing two men, largely on the testimony of a woman confederate who turned state's evidence.

Ex-Mayor a Suicide

Schenectady, N. Y., April 13.—Jacob W. Clute, three times mayor of Schenectady, shot himself in his home while the sheriff and under sheriff were waiting at the door with a body execution for him, growing out of alleged irregularities in the handling of an estate.

Father Sees Daughter Killed

Providence, April 13.—Rushing from his store when he heard a girl's scream, Joseph Sullivan arrived on the street just in time to see his 9-year-old daughter crushed beneath a car. She was killed instantly. David H. Northrup, the motorman, was held by the police for investigation.

Money For Famine Sufferers

New York, April 14.—The treasurer of the board of foreign missions of the Methodist Episcopal church cabled \$500 for famine relief to the Central China mission of the denomination. This makes a total of \$23,706 forwarded through New York.

# EX-GOVERNOR McLANE IS DEAD

## New Hampshire Loses One of Her Leading Citizens FOR ACCIDENTALLY KILLED

Shock Hastened Death of Former  
Magistrate, Who Had Gone South  
in Effort to Regain Health—Had  
Controlled Output of Postoffice Fur-  
niture and Served in Both Branches  
of the State Legislature

Milford, N. H., April 14.—John  
McLane, former governor of New  
Hampshire, and as chief executive of  
the state, host of the Russian-Japan-  
ese envoys at the time of the signing  
of the peace treaty of Portsmouth,  
died at Southern Pines, N. C., late  
yesterday, according to word received  
here last night. He had been in ill  
health for some months and went to  
South Carolina two weeks ago. The  
cause of death was cirrhosis of the  
liver.

Mr. McLane's death was hastened  
by the shock of the sudden death of  
his favorite son, Charles, at Revere  
Beach, Mass., a year ago, when the  
young man received fatal injuries by  
being thrown from a whirling plat-  
form in an amusement resort.

With the former governor at the  
end were his wife and son, John R.  
McLane. Another son, Clinton A.  
McLane, and a daughter, Mrs. John  
Clark of New York city, also survive  
him. The body will be brought to  
Milford for interment.

John McLane was born in Lennox-  
ton, Scotland, Feb. 27, 1832, and  
came to Manchester, N. H., as a  
youth, where he was educated in the  
public schools. Later he came to  
Milford and learned the trade of a  
cabinet maker.

About 1870 he secured control of a  
Milford industry manufacturing post-  
office furniture and equipments and  
holding also valuable patents. For  
many years he controlled the output  
of much of the postoffice furniture  
used throughout the country. He was  
president of the Souhegan National  
bank and prominent in local affairs.

He was elected to the state house  
of representatives in 1885, and went  
to the senate in 1891 and 1893, being  
elected president of that body both  
terms. In 1900 he was a delegate to  
the Republican national convention.

He was elected governor in 1905  
and served one term, during which  
time he extended the hospitality of  
the state to the Russian-Japanese envoys  
for the holding of the peace confer-  
ence, which was eventually held at  
Portsmouth. He was a thirty-third  
degree Mason and had been grand  
master of the Masonic bodies of the  
state.

### SENT TO AN ASYLUM

Ellen Ahearn Considered Insane When  
She Killed Mary Moulton

Boston, April 13.—Ellen J. Ahearn  
was committed to the insane asylum  
at Bridgewater by Judge Stevens of  
the superior criminal court. The  
woman was charged with the murder  
of Mary Moulton in a lodging house at  
62 Hudson street.

The grand jury considered the case,  
but refused to return an indictment  
against the woman because it consid-  
ered that she was insane when she  
committed the crime. The Ahearn  
woman has previously been confined  
in institutions for the insane.

### RATHER FAST TRAVELING

Mail Train Covers Three Miles in Less  
Than Two Minutes

Buffalo, April 14.—Engineer Childs  
of Syracuse, a New York Central em-  
ployee, holds the speed record for  
American railways as a result of his  
feat in driving fast mail train No. 43,  
carrying seven steel mail cars and  
two Pullmans, from Bellevue to Lan-  
caster, three miles, in one minute and  
fifty-one seconds.

The first mile was made in thirty-  
eight seconds, the second in thirty-  
seven and the third in thirty-six sec-  
onds.

### KENYON ELECTED SENATOR

Chosen to Succeed Dolliver on the  
Sixty-Seventh Ballot

Des Moines, April 13.—Judge Wil-  
liam S. Kenyon, Republican, was  
elected United States senator to suc-  
ceed the late Senator Jonathan P. Dol-  
liver on the sixty-seventh ballot in  
the Iowa legislature yesterday after-  
noon.

The victory came after a stormy ses-  
sion. He received 78 votes for, suf-  
ficient to elect, against 26 for Jus-  
tice Court Justice Horace E. Dec-  
ker, his Republican opponent.

### SAW SIGNS IN MOON

Missing Indian Believed to Have  
Answered Call of "Spirits"

Brookton, Mass., April 14.—There  
is a great deal of mystery in the dis-  
appearance of Edward W. Peterson,  
aged 31. Peterson is a full-blooded  
Indian, and had been employed in a  
shoe factory here.

Peterson looked at the moon the  
other night and claimed he saw some  
signs that called him back to Ore-  
gon.

His friends thought he was jesting  
and paid little attention to him. It  
is now believed that he saw a sign  
which was used by his tribe in years past  
and is responding to a call of the  
"spirits."

## DANIEL K. PEARSONS

Philanthropist Gives  
\$300,000 on Birthday



DR. PEARSONS' BIRTHDAY

He Celebrates the Occasion by Giving  
Away \$300,000

Chicago, April 14.—Dr. Daniel K.  
Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist,  
whose benefactions to various col-  
leges and benevolent institutions have  
exceeded \$6,000,000, is celebrating  
his 91st birthday today and marked the  
occasion by distributing \$300,000  
more.

The gifts he made today include the  
following: Berea college, Kentucky,  
\$100,000; American Board of Foreign  
Missions, \$100,000; Deane college,  
Nebraska, \$25,000; McKendree col-  
lege, Lebanon, Ill., \$10,000.

He also gave an endowment fund for  
the aid of students at Montpelier  
seminary in Vermont.

## HARRIS AND BLANCK ARE HELD IN \$25,000

Owners of Fire Traps Are In-  
dicted by Grand Jury

New York, April 12.—Isaac Harris  
and Max Blanck, owners of the Tri-  
angle Waist company, were indicted  
by the grand jury, which is investi-  
gating the circumstances of the Wash-  
ington place fire of March 25, as a re-  
sult of which 145 employees of the com-  
pany lost their lives.

The indictments, four in number,  
charge each man with manslaughter  
in the first and second degrees, the  
maximum penalty for which is twenty  
and ten years' imprisonment, respec-  
tively.

Harris and Blanck were arrested at  
their homes, were arraigned, and after  
entering pleas of not guilty were re-  
leased in \$25,000 bail.

### NO REQUEST TO SON

Lippincott's Will Has Clause Prohib-  
iting His Widow's Marriage

Philadelphia, April 14.—With the  
exception of a few bequests to his two  
daughters, a grandson and two em-  
ployees, the estate of Craig Lippin-  
cott, head of the J. B. Lippincott  
Publishing company, who committed  
suicide last week, is given in trust to  
his widow.

The will provides that if Mrs. Lip-  
pincott should re-marry she forfeits  
her interest in the estate and will then  
receive \$10,000 a year for life, the es-  
tate going to her children and grand-  
children.

No request is made to J. B. Lip-  
pincott, the dead publisher's son, who  
is made the executor of the estate.

### GUILD'S NAME SENT IN

Former Governor Is Nominated as  
Ambassador to Russia

Washington, April 14.—President  
Taft sent to the senate the nomina-  
tion of Curtis Guild of Massachusetts  
to be United States ambassador at St.  
Petersburg. Mr. W. Rockhill, pres-  
ent ambassador to Russia, was nomi-  
nated for ambassador to Turkey.

It is learned that when Guild went  
to Washington early this week he dis-  
cussed the prospective nomination  
with the president and signified his  
willingness to accept the St. Peters-  
burg mission. He talked also with  
the Massachusetts senators and his  
plans were outlined at that time.

Arbitration Mass Meeting Called  
London, April 14.—The public  
meeting called by the lord mayor to  
discuss Anglo-American arbitration  
has been set for April 23. Premier  
Asquith and ex-Premier Balfour will  
be among the speakers.

Jews Barred From Hospitals  
St. Petersburg, April 14.—The gov-  
ernor of Moscow has published an or-  
der addressed to all private hospitals  
that no Jews must be received. In  
case of disobedience severe punish-  
ment will be imposed.

War Fund of \$4,000,000  
Mexico City, April 10.—Four mil-  
lion dollars sold was voted by the  
chamber of deputies for a war fund  
for "the pacification of the country."

Farmer Sold Watered Milk  
Ayer, Mass., April 14.—Daniel  
Ketcher, a farmer in Middleboro, was  
fined \$100 in the local court for sell-  
ing watered milk. He paid the fine.

Local Option Bill Killed  
Springfield, Ill., April 14.—The  
county local option bill was killed in  
the house by a vote of 83 to 63.

## TOM JOHNSON PASSES AWAY

### Succumbs to Sickness Which Had Lasted a Year

#### POOR BOY TO MILLIONAIRE

Fortune Sacrificed in Efforts to Save  
Estate of Brother to Latter's Fam-  
ily—Achieved Great Success as  
Street Railway Magnate—Served in  
Congress and Was Five Times  
Chosen Mayor of Cleveland

Cleveland, April 11.—Tom L.  
Johnson, twice congressman from the  
Twenty-First Ohio district, five times  
mayor of Cleveland, champion of 3-  
cent railway fares and prominent ad-  
vocate of the single tax theories of the  
late Henry George, died here last  
night. Death was caused by cirrhosis  
of the liver. He was 67 years old.

Mr. Johnson had been ill for more  
than a year, but his condition was not  
thought serious until he suffered a  
relapse on March 15. Besides his wife  
Mr. Johnson is survived by one son,  
Loftin, and a daughter, Mrs. Bessie  
Mariani.

The death of Johnson removes one  
of the most picturesque figures in  
American public life and ended a ca-  
reer that ranged from poverty to mil-  
lions, and through altruistic fidelity to  
principle, fell from wealth to less  
than affluence, all this within a com-  
paratively brief lifetime.

His ancestry traced back to a great-  
great-grandfather who came to Amer-  
ica in 1714, and Tom L. Johnson had  
relatives among all the famous fami-  
lies of the south. His father was a  
cotton planter in Arkansas at the be-  
ginning of the Civil war. At its end  
the family was penniless in Staunton,  
Va. Young Johnson began to retrieve  
the family fortunes at the age of 11 by  
selling newspapers on the only train  
that ran to Staunton. He made \$65  
in a few weeks, which sum paid the  
fares of all to Louisville, where they  
were at home.

Tom L. Johnson was born in Scott  
county, Kentucky, and after finan-  
cing the return of his clan to his  
native state he got some schooling  
and then went to work as a street car  
conductor. Soon he was superin-  
tendent and his father was chief of  
police.

Invention of a fare box gave to the  
boy his first capital. He got an inter-  
est in the street car line and went to  
Indianapolis to buy a tram line there.

William H. English sold it to him  
for \$50,000, mostly in notes. John-  
son built up the property rapidly,  
gave to Indianapolis the best service  
it had ever known and made money.  
Within a brief period Chicago cap-  
italists bought his Indianapolis tram  
system for about twenty times as  
much as he had paid for it.

He bought a Cleveland suburban  
horse car line and undertook to ex-  
tend it all over that city in competi-  
tion with the lines of the late Mark  
A. Hanna. In the meantime trolley  
power came into use. Johnson in-  
vented a girder rail for trolley tracks  
and was making a large fortune out  
of their manufacture.

He won his fight in Cleveland and  
within a few years his lines paralleled  
those of his rivals. He had paved  
streets to get franchises and increased  
employees' pay to about 75 percent, at  
the same time reducing a working  
day's length to ten hours. His young-  
er brother, Albert, was his aid in  
these enterprises.

From Cleveland Johnson extended  
his trolley holding to Detroit and New  
York.

Soon thereafter he was induced to  
go into politics, and in a rock-ribbed  
Republican district in Cleveland was  
very narrowly defeated for congress.  
He won the seat by an overwhelming  
majority in 1890 and represented the  
district from 1891 to 1895. His say-  
ings and doings in Washington made  
him famous.

In 1901 Johnson was elected mayor  
of Cleveland, and was re-elected four  
successive terms. On taking office he  
refused to renew any of the city tram-  
way franchises except upon a 3-cent  
basis. The companies declined, but  
continued to operate, whereupon  
Johnson tore up their tracks and re-  
placed them with rails of the Muni-  
cipal traction company, to which he  
had given years of work and much of  
his large fortune.

The 3-cent fare principle did not  
work continuously to advantage, and  
in 1908 the situation was such that a  
compromise met general approval.  
Johnson declined to yield and was de-  
feated for re-election.

His financial downfall, which soon  
followed, was due in large part to his  
efforts to save the estate of his brother  
Albert to the latter's family. His  
traction fight and political campaign  
and the 1907 panic stress upon finan-  
cial institutions he had founded and  
conducted upon somewhat altruistic  
principles all combined to divide his  
attention and his forces.

Woman's Body in Reservoir  
Brattleboro, Vt., April 10.—En-  
cased in the ice of Chestnut Hill res-  
ervoir, the body of Mrs. Mary A.  
Cunnington of Bellows Falls, who is  
believed to have drowned herself four  
months ago, was found by boys.

Motorman Gets \$5000 Verdict  
Boston, April 13.—A verdict for  
\$5000 was returned by a jury for Mat-  
thew Corsick, for injuries received as  
the result of a collision in the East  
Boston tunnel caused by a defective  
air brake. Corsick was a motorman  
for the L. at the time of the accident.

## TOM L. JOHNSON

Was a Picturesque Figure  
In American Public Life



HAS LONG BAFFLED POLICE

"Mother of Thieves" Is Finally Con-  
victed and Sent to Prison

New York, April 14.—Mrs. Rebec-  
ca Frank, owner of real estate in  
Brooklyn worth more than \$50,000,  
was sentenced to serve from two years  
and six months to four years and six  
months in the Auburn state prison  
for women. She was convicted as a  
receiver of stolen goods.

"You are known as the mother of  
thieves," said Judge Foster in impos-  
ing sentence, "and since the days of  
Mother Mandelbaum there has been no  
woman more dangerous to society than  
you. You have been a police menace  
long enough."

Mrs. Frank was known among her  
neighbors as an associate of thieves,  
but her craft and skill baffled the po-  
lice for years.

## TOWN IS SHAKEN UP BY BANK BURGLARS

### They Cause Much Damage, But Get Away Without Money

Winchester, N. H., April 14.—  
Eight burglars broke into the Win-  
chester National bank, blew the outer  
door of the huge vault and were  
frightened away before they had time  
to blow open the inner door, behind  
which was \$20,000. It is believed  
they used an automobile in making  
their escape.

The noise made by the explosion  
awakened half the inhabitants of the  
town. The burglars used nitro-gly-  
cerine. The heavy steel outer door  
of the vault was blown from its hinges  
and the interior of the bank was  
wrecked by the explosion. Desks and  
chairs were smashed and the debris  
littered the floor. Every window in  
the bank was shattered.

Sledges, knives, fuses, burlap bags  
and other articles and implements  
used by safe crackers were found near  
the wrecked vault.

### VALUE OF FIRE DRILL

Young Woman's Foresight Probably  
Saved Lives of Many Girls

New York, April 14.—Sixty factory  
girls marched in unbroken ranks to  
safely down fire escapes and across  
roofs when fire broke out in a six-  
story building occupied by the Man-  
hattan Soap company.

Barbara Nolan, a young forewoman  
who had designed and perfected the  
fire drill by daily practice since the  
Washington place disaster, directed  
the retreating girls and was the last to  
reach the ground. The fire swept  
through the building rapidly, causing  
damage estimated at \$150,000.

Escape by the stairs was blocked  
by smoke and flame.

### HELD FOR GRAND JURY

Conspiracy to Smuggle Chinese Is  
Charged Against Three Bostonians

Boston, April 11.—Waiving exam-  
ination and acting as their own law-  
yers, Goodman Phillips, Harvey C.  
Daly and George M. B. Gardener, ar-  
rested on a charge that they had con-  
spired to smuggle Chinamen into this  
state from Jamaica, were held for the  
action of the grand jury by Commis-  
sioner Hayes of the United States  
court.

Bail was fixed at \$5000 for Phillips  
and \$3000 each for the other two men.  
The wives of Phillips and Daly ap-  
peared in the federal building and held  
a long conference with their husbands.

### FIRE IN ELKS' HOME

Boston, April 13.—Smoke and fire  
caused \$25,000 damage to the Elks'  
home in Somerset street late yester-  
day afternoon. The first floor and  
basement suffered most from the  
flames, but the handsome furnishings  
were all injured.

Woman Burned to Death  
Taunton, Mass., April 14.—While  
working over an oil stove in her home  
here Mrs. Catherine Sklener, aged  
73, was stricken with illness and,  
falling across the lighted wick, was  
burned to death.

Against Woman Suffrage  
Boston, April 11.—By a rollcall vote  
of 31 to 6, the senate defeated the  
woman's suffrage resolve. Three  
Democrats and three Republicans  
voted for the resolve.

Maine Senator Passes On  
Biddeford, Me., April 12.—Heart  
disease caused the death of State  
Senator Benjamin F. Hamilton. He  
was 71 years old and a member of the  
York county bar.

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You are cordially invited to inspect our equipment and facilities and open an account subject to check,

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Capital	\$300,000 00
Surplus and Und. Profits	\$120,820 53

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For Fine Goods at Popular Prices, go to

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It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

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Dispensing Optician,  
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